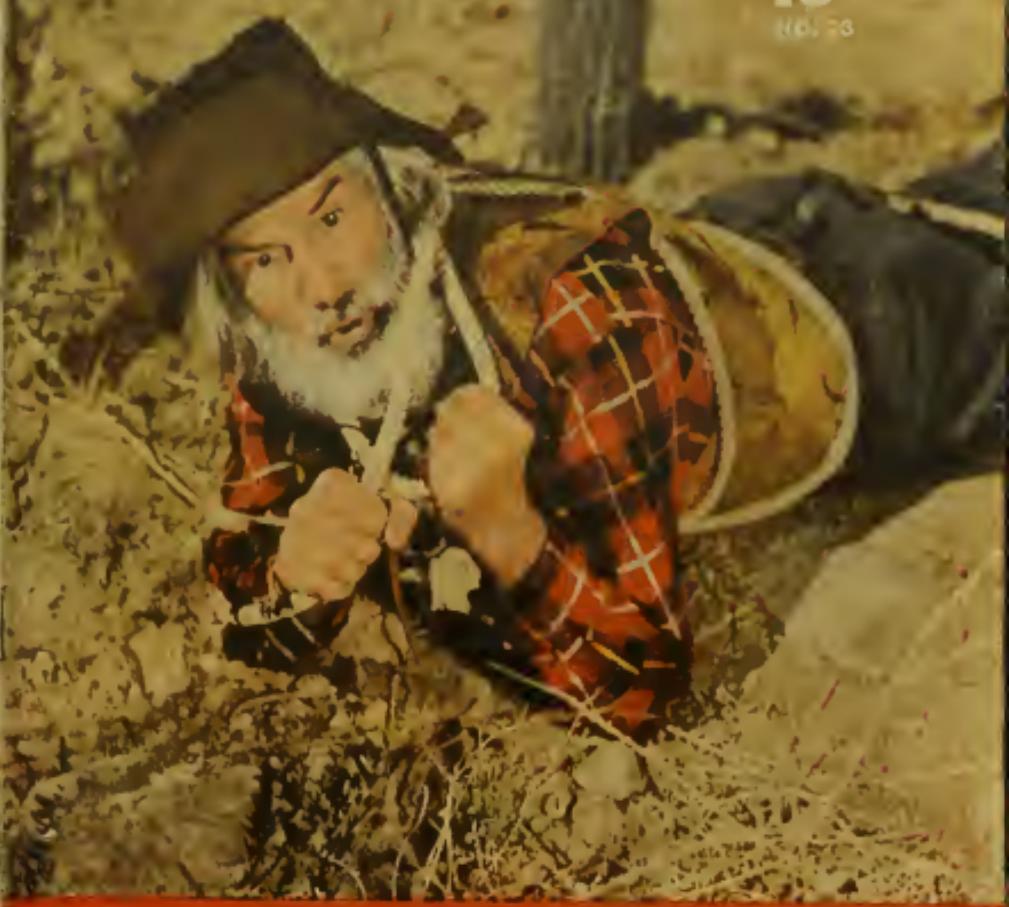


A Powcett Publication

Gabby Hayes Western

10¢
No. 73



IN THIS ISSUE: THE SAGA OF THE BATTERING RAM

FAWCETT COMICS WHEEL OF FORTUNE~

EVERY ONE A WINNER!

Gabby Hayes
Western

ROCKY LANE
WESTERN

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

TOM MIX
WESTERN

Marvel Family

Bill Boyd
WESTERN

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.

NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL

Monte Hale
WESTERN

Captain Marvel

HOPALONG CASSIDY



10c ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10c

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

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Editor

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AL JETTER

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on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LORDE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CARMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

"Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment."

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



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SO LONG,
CHUMPS!

LET'S GET GOING,
RICK! THE RAWHIDE
FOLKS WILL BE
FIGHTIN' MAD
WHEN THEY REAL-
IZE WE ROBBED
'EM!

TAKE IT EASY, DICK!
WE'LL BE DOWN THE
RIVER ROAD AND SAFE
ACROSS THE BRIDGE
BEFORE THEY EVEN
START A CHASE!

MANWHILE, THE WOOPEN
INDIAN FLOATS, HOLDING
UP GABBY TILL HE REVIVES....

WHAT IN Tarnation
HAPPENED?

SPLASH!

WE'RE DRIFTING
DOWNSTREAM FASTER
THAN THEM CROOKS CAN
RIDE! MAYBE I CAN
STILL STOP 'EM!

BACK IN RAWHIDE, SLIM PADDLE
IS GREETED BY COMPLAINING
CITIZENS.....

BODKINS MADE IT
ALL LEGAL FOR 'EM,
SHERIFF! AND NOW
THEY SKEDADDLED
WITH OUR
VALUABLES!

THIS IS
PLUMB
SERIOUS!

DRASTIC
MORE FOOL
NOTIONS!
I OUGHT
TO LOCK
YOU UP!

Y-YES, SIR --
I MEAN NO,
SIR! PLEASE--
I (GULP!)
I'M SORRY!

WE'LL HIGHTAIL AFTER
THE VARMINTS, BUT THEY
GOT A POWERFUL HEAD
START! I RECKON
WE'LL NEVER
CATCH 'EM!

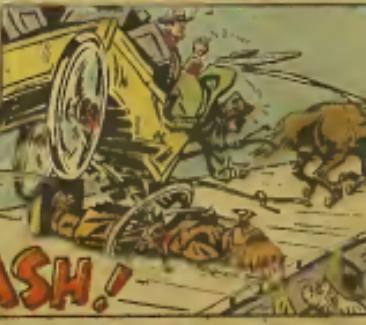
OH DEAR! I'M
DISGRACED!

GABBY REACHES A BRIDGE AND CLUMBILY
CLIMBS IT!

YEH SHORE
ARE A
NUISANCE,
INJUN!



THE HORSE HURDLES THE WOODEN INDIAN... BUT THE WAGON WHEELS ARE WRECKED!

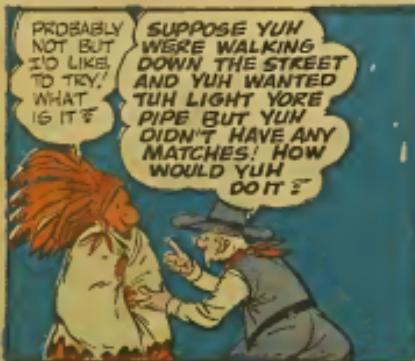


GABBY HAYES WESTERN



CHIEF GRAY MATTER

IS LIGHT HEARTED!



COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

CROWNING A NEW KING-
OF THE GOLDEN WEST—

BOB COLT



10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!!! 10¢

YOUNG FALCON

in

THE BROKEN WEAPONS

THREE CHEERS FOR YOUNG FALCON ---
FINEST HUNTER OF ALL! ONLY ONE AS
BRAVE AND SKILFUL AS YOURSELF
WOULD SET OUT TOMORROW TO CROSS
THE FOREST ALONE, FILLED AS IT IS
WITH WOLF-PACKS!



Young Falcon, lone huntsman of the woods and renowned for his deeds, has been staying at the tribal camp of a friendly tribe! The day before he is to leave for the forests, he is being hailed by his friends! But there is one who bears Young Falcon nothing but hate---

TILL YOUNG FALCON CAME HERE, I
WAS THE ADMIRE ONE, THE ONE
THEY CHEERED; SO IT SHALL BE
AGAIN; I WILL TAKE CARE OF
YOUNG FALCON TONIGHT!

“WHAT NIGHT, YOUNG FALCON
SLUMBERS SOUNDLY ---

HE'S CHECKED HIS THINGS
ALREADY SO HE CAN BE OFF IN
THE MORNING WITHOUT DELAY!
GOOD---NOW MY PLAN IS
ASSURED OF SUCCESS!

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY FINDS
YOUNG FALCON DEEP IN THE
DANGER-FILLED FOREST...

THAT WOLFPACK CERTAINLY
KEEPS PACE WITH ME!
MANY MILES I'VE COME, AND
THEY FOLLOW
STILL!



LATER--



WHEN YOUNG FALCON PULLS BACK UPON HIS BOW, THERE IS A SHARP CRACK, AND---

MY BOW ---IT HAS SHATTERED
LIKE A REED!! IT WAS THE
STRONGEST BOW
I EVER MADE!

CRACK!



I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! BUT
WAIT---WHAT IS THIS? THIS
PIECE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN
CUT AND THEN CLEVERLY
PRESSED BACK IN PLACE!

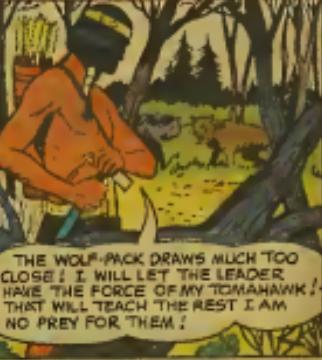


THIS
IS INDEED
STRANGE! IT
LEAVES ME
NO CHOICE
BUT TO WALK
ON! ANYWAY, I
HAVE MY
TOMAHAWK
AND MY FINE
KNIVES, LEST THE
WOLVES GROW
TOO BOLD!

BUT THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE
OF MY CATCHING ANY FOOD
WITHOUT MY BOW, AND I CAN-
NOT STOP TO FASHION A NEW
ONE WITH THESE WOLVES AT
MY HEELS! NO---I MUST GO
ON TILL I'M OUT OF THE FOREST;
A LONG WAY'S YET!



THROUGH THE NIGHT, YOUNG FALCON
TRAVELS AND THE NEXT DAY FINDS
HIM WEARY BUT EVER ALERT AS--



THE WOLF-PACK DRAWS MUCH TOO
CLOSE! I WILL LET THE LEADER
HAVE THE FORCE OF MY TOMAHAWK!
THAT WILL TEACH THE REST I AM
NO PREY FOR THEM!

WHAT IS THIS
NOW? MY
TOMAHAWK FLIES
APART IN MID-AIR!!
THE HEAD FLIES
FROM THE
HANDLE!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE BINDING HAS BEEN HALF-CUT TO WEAKEN IT, AND THE HANDLE-TOP WHITTELLED AWAY! IT HAS BEEN ON PURPOSE---AS WAS MY SON! BUT WHY? I'D BEST LOOK TO MY KNIFE, QUICKLY!

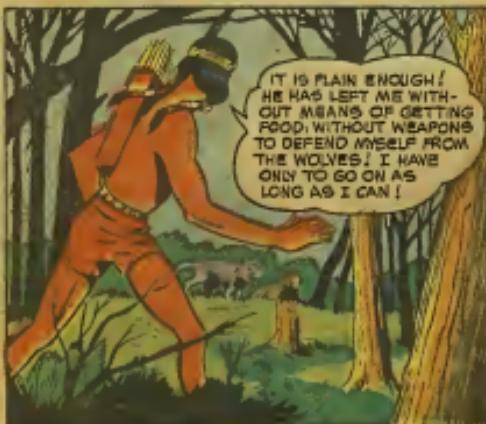


DRAWING HIS KNIFE, YOUNG FALCON FINDS IN HORROR---



THE BLADE IS USELESS! IT HAS BEEN BENT BEYOND REPAIR--I AND THIS NOTE---

"SINCE YOU WILL NEVER RETURN ALIVE, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'VE DONE THIS! ONCE, ALL SPOKE MY NAME AS THE GREATEST HUNTER! SOON, IT SHALL BE SO ONCE AGAIN, FOR YOU WILL BE NO MORE! I LEAVE YOU TO THE WOLVES---BUFFALO GRASS!"



BUT AS NIGHT NEARS, YOUNG FALCON HALTS WEAK FROM HUNGER---

THEY GROW MORE BOLD! ONCE SURE THAT I CANNOT HURT THEM, THEY WILL ATTACK! THERE IS ONLY THE HILLS, AND THEY ARE THE HOME OF THE FIERCE MOUNTAIN LION---THE COUGAR!



YOUNG FALCON HEADS FROM ONE DEATH INTO ANOTHER! EVEN WORSE! BUT HE HURRIES INTO THE HILLS, THE WOLVES AT HIS HEELS, UNTIL---



THERE---A COUGAR! HIS CAT'S EYES MISS NOTHING. HE HAS SEEN ME. HOW TO PLAY POSSUM! THIS WILL BE MY LAST RESTING PLACE IF ALL GOES NOT AS I HOPE!

FEIGNING DEATH, YOUNG FALCON COLLAPSES ON THE GROUND AND LIES STILL . . .

THE WOLVES CLOSE IN UPON ME -- THEY COME TO TAKE THEIR PREY!

SUDDENLY--

GRROOAAW!



SO, YOUNG FALCON SLIPS AWAY. HE SKIRTS THE FOREST AND, SOME DAYS LATER, ARRIVES BACK AT CAMP, AND---

YOUNG FALCON:

BUT IT CANNOT BE! YOU COULD NOT HAVE ESCAPED THE FOREST WOLF-PACKS!

BUT IT IS I, BUFFALO GRADS! I AM WEARY AND WEAK WITH HUNGER, BUT MY ANGER WILL GIVE ME STRENGTH FOR YOU!



THEY ARE NATURAL ENEMIES AND WILL BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH THE WINNER TOO EXHAUSTED TO DO ANYTHING BUT LICK HIS WOUNDS, NOW I SLOW AWAY-- CAREFULLY.



I NEED ONLY THESE WEAPONS FOR A CUR SUCH AS YOU!

OOF!



YIIOOW!

MAN WITHOUT HONOR---THIS IS BUT A TASTE OF THE REWARD YOU DESERVE!

SOCK



LATER, AFTER YOUNG FALCON TELLS WHAT HAPPENED--

YOU ARE BANISHED FOREVER, BUFFALO GRADS. YOUR TREACHERY ONLY PROVED HOW REALLY GREAT A BRAVE YOUNG FALCON IS!

*Boys! Girls! Drink
"ROCKY" LANE'S*

*favorite
malted milk...*

and get this sensational!
TRIPLE-ACTION

EXPLORER'S SUN WATCH

Only **20¢**

and 1 Carnation Malted Milk Label

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS with this remarkable triple-action Explorer's Sun Watch. Not a toy—but 3 real, scientifically designed instruments in 1! Be the first to own this sensational watch. Order today.

AND SAY, PARD'NER, take a tip from your pals "Rocky" Lane and Black Jack. "Rocky" says, "A Carnation Malt is a real he-man drink, chuck full of two-fisted energy and eatin' pleasure." Get Mom to give you Carnation Malts often. They're a cinch to make right at home anytime. Tell her to get a jar today—and be sure to send for your Explorer's Sun Watch at once.



ACTUAL SIZE
1½" diam.

① SUN DIAL

Gives correct time at a glance. Folding arm. Genuine gold-flashed brass case.

② COMPASS

Perfect for hikes, camping trips. Accurate, dependable. Sealed in face of sun dial.

For nighttime messages—amazing luminescent plastic dial glows in dark after exposure to light. For daytime messages—use non-breakable mirror on back.



Mail this coupon TODAY!

CARNATION MALTED MILK

P. O. Box 118, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me _____ Explorer's Sun Watch(es). For each watch I enclose 20¢ and 1 Carnation Malted Milk Label. (Be sure to send label from front of jar.)

NAME _____ (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
(Offer expires March 20, 1951 and is limited to U.S.A. only)



I DRINK
CARNATION

TWO FLAVORS
Chocolate and Natural
In thrifty 1-lb. jars.

GABBY HAYES

and The Saga of The BATTERING RAM

HI, SHEEPMAN!
CAN YUH GIVE A PORE
THIRSTY COWBOY
A DRINK?

UGH! A
COWBOY!
PLUMB TURNS
MY STOMACH!

WILLY WOOLLEY
SHEEP RANCH

Willy Woolley aimed to drive the despised cowmen clear out of Rawhide County, but he didn't know that even the toughest sheepmen can't withstand Gabby Hayes when he's mounted on a BATTERING RAM!

HEY!

DRINK YORE
FILL!
HAW HAW!

GET THIS
STRAIGHT,
COMPUNCHER--

--THAR AINT ROOM
ENOUGH ON ONE RANGE
PER COWMEN AND ME!
CLEAR CUT!

Socko

J. L. AM



THAT RACKET FROM
OUTSIDE DROWNS
YUH OUT, WILLY?
SOUNDS LIKE A
TORNADO RIPPLING
THROUGH A
FOREST!

BLAST IT
ALL! SEE
WHAT'S
MAKING
IT!

BY THE HORNED
SPOON! IT'S A
COWBOY
SPY!

HE MUST HAVE HEARD
US! TREAT HIM ROUGH,
MEN! WE'LL SHOW THE
COWMEN WE MEAN
BUSINESS!

WE'LL DROP
HIM IN THE
SHEEP DIP!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



With the ranch reduced to a shambles, Blaster finally gives up!



HERE HE COMES!
I RECKON HE'S
THE TOUGHEST
HOMBRE IN
THE WORLD!

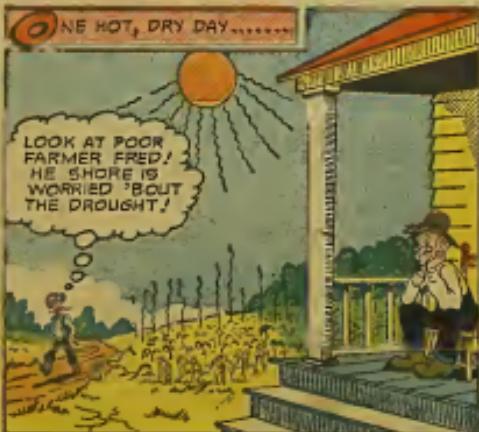


MANY THANKS,
PARDS! WE'RE
GOING TO BE
RIGHT GOOD
NEIGHBORS!



WHITEY WHISKERS

HIS RAINING MOMENT





GABBY HAYES WESTERN





BUT THE FARMER ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO'S LAUGHING AT WHITEY WHISKERS' TALE! FOR HIGH IN THE HEAVENS.....



THE HILARIOUS CLOUDS LAUGH SO MUCH, THEY ROLL INTO EACH OTHER.....



WHEN THE TWO CLOUDS COLLIDE, THE RESULT IS.....



SPECIAL EDITION

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraus



IT was mid-afternoon when Buck Desmond rode down out of the hills into the Nevada town of Comanche. The rambling cowboy took a good look around. The first thing he saw was a man being beaten up by three husky cowboys! The single hombre seemed to be doing all right, in spite of the odds, but a sudden blow from behind felled him . . . and the cowhands surged in to pound him with their boots.

Buck Desmond wrenched his bay gelding to a rearing stop, and threw himself from the saddle. "I don't mind a fair fight, but three pairs of high-heeled boots on one man's head is liable to do some damage!"

Moving swiftly, he caught one of the cowboys by the shoulder, half-turned him and clipped him on the jaw with a short right-hand punch that sent him reeling back, stunned. Almost in the same moment, Buck slammed a hard punch into the stomach of a second rammy, doubling him up in surprised pain. The third man grunted and came toward the rambling cowhand, fists flailing.

Gracefully, Buck sidestepped away from his clumsy attack, caught his arm and twisted sharply. Caught off balance, the man dropped to the ground heavily.

His jaw set, Buck faced the three men, fists still doubled at his side. "I don't know who you beef-eaters are," he said. "But if you want trouble, and you're set on working out on just one target, try me! I need the exercise!"

Sullenly, the three men rose and backed away! As they retreated down the street, one of them shouted angrily, "Your pot this time, stranger! But we'll be back tonight! Just remember that, Bishop! Your newspaper is through!"

As they limped out of sight, Buck turned to the man he had befriended, and helped him to his feet. "What was that all about?" Buck asked. "Those galoots seem to hate you worse than a prairie chicken hates a coyote! How come they beat up on you?"

The other man grinned painfully and rubbed his smudged face. Shaking Buck's hand, he replied, "Reckon the answer is above your head, Mister." He pointed up at a newspaper sign that hung overhead. "I'm Tom Bishop," he said, "editor of the Comanche Argus. It's the only paper hereabout, and I've been running a series against Sam Dawson. Those three caballeros work for Dawson and they had orders to peel my skin for me!"

"Hold on," Buck said. "You say you've been running a series fighting Sam Dawson. Who is he? And what's he been doing?"

"That's a long story," the newspaper editor said. "Come on into the Argus office, and I'll tell you about it." Together, Buck and Tom Bishop went into the newspaper shop, fragrant with printer's ink. The editor sat down. "It's like this," he went on. "Sam Dawson has been a big rancher around here for a couple of years. Lately word has come through that the railroad is planning to put a spur line through this section—either through Comanche or through Whitetop Pass, fifty miles north of here."

Bishop rubbed his jaw. "Dawson wants the land to sell to the railroad at a big profit, so he's been making it tough for the ranchers hereabouts. Stealing their cattle, cutting off their water, trampling down their fences. He's forced several men to sell out to him, and he's working on the others—and on me, because I've opposed him!"

Buck Desmond nodded. "I see," the rambling cowboy mused. "He figures the railroad is going through Comanche, and that's why he's fighting so hard to get this land. Hmmm . . ."

Suddenly Buck slapped his knee. "Bishop," he said, "I've got an idea. Those punchers said that they'd be back tonight. Let's trade on it and set up a special edition of the paper for them to read. And meanwhile, let's get word out to the ranchers hereabouts that if Dawson tries to sell their land back to them, they're

to buy it! Got that? If he tries to sell to them, they're to buy!"

Tom Bishop grinned. "I'm not sure what you're up to, stranger, but I sure like the way you talk. I'll set up the special edition as you say. And I'll send the message to the boys. Most of those who sold out to Dawson are still in town, waiting around."

It was late at night, and Buck Desmond and Tom Bishop crouched in the back of the *Argus* office. Peering through the dark at the plate glass front, Buck suddenly clutched at the editor's arm.

"Looks like Dawson's men are plumb about to break in," he husked. "Whatever happens, be quiet!"

Together they waited, as a metal bar forced its way through the door jamb. It grated heavily, and then the door swung open. There was a silence, and then three husky figures slipped in the door.

Dawson's thugs moved fast. As one of them held a sputtering candle high, the others sprinkled kerosene about the floor. One of them was about to touch a match to therecking liquid, when the man with the candle, suddenly grabbed his arm. "Wait! Look at this paper lying on the press."

The three men huddled over the still damp printed sheet, and Buck and Tom Bishop could hear them muttering. "It's dated tomorrow! And look at that headline! We'd better bring this out to the boss! He'll want to read it, before everyone else hears about it! Let's show it to him before burning the office down. Let's git to the horses!"

The editor and the rambling cowboy waited tensely as the three men vanished through the front door. The sound of clattering hoofbeats was heard growing fainter in the night air!

"It worked," Tom Bishop triumphed, turning to Buck. "They fell for it. They'll take the message to Dawson!"

The next day a band of happy cowmen rode up to the newspaper office. Pound-

ing on the front door, they roared. "Open up, Tom! We want to talk to you and that rambling friend of yours."

The door was flung open, and Buck and Tom Bishop stood there. "What happened?" Buck asked. "Did Dawson make a bid to sell you back your land?"

"He sure did!" shouted one of the ranchers. "Visited each and every one of us, just at the crack of dawn. Said his health was giving out, and he wanted to sell his property, cheap. We bought back our land at a low price, and a couple of us who had enough mazuma bought his holdings, too. He's sold out completely. The last we saw of him, he and his rannies were heading north!"

Buck Desmond began to laugh!

"Hold on," said one of the men. "We want to know what happened. Here Dawson's trying every trick in the book to force us to sell our spreads to him, and then he suddenly sells out to us. How come?"

BUCK stopped laughing, and drew a folded newspaper from his pocket. "Here's your answer, boys," he said. "We had a special edition of the *Argus* printed up last night! Dawson's sidewinders had promised to pay a nocturnal visit to the office, and we left it for them to see. They read it, and showed it to him pronto! Read it for yourself!"

Eagerly, the ranchers crowded about. One man read it slowly aloud:

Railroad announces it will send spur line through Whitetop Pass. Plans to start buying property next week. Land values due to soar!

Buck slapped a lean hand against his thigh. "When Dawson saw that, he figured there'd still be time to get north and buy up Whitetop property. So he sold out to you and headed north! But I'm afraid he's due to a sad surprise. You see, gents," and here Buck began to laugh again, "I didn't come to Comanche by accident. I came in advance of a party of surveyors! The railroad is going to run the spur through Comanche!"

THE END

GABBY HAYES

and
THE FOX HUNT!

TA-TATA-TA-DADDY-TATA! ♂ ♀

THUNDERATION! MY EYES ARE GOING BAD! NO SANE HOMBRE WOULD WEAR SUCH SILLY DUDS OR BLOW HORNS LIKE CRAZY, AND USE A PACK OF HOUNDS --- ALL FOR ONE MEASLY LITTLE FOX!



OWWWW! HOW I'VE GOT TO LEAD EM
A CHASE THAT'LL WEAR OFF
THEIR DINGBUSTED FEET!

GRRR!

OUCH! THIS OUGHT TO
THROW EM OFF MY TRAIL!

SORRY!

NOPE! THE DADBURNED
KILLERS ARE STILL AFTER ME!

YAP! YAP!

MEANWHILE...

IT'S AN AMAZINGLY ELUSIVE BEAST!
ALL WE SEE IS AN OCCASIONAL
GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING FURRY
UP AHEAD!

DASH IT ALL!
DON'T THOSE
WESTERN FOXES
EVER TIRE?

THERE! I JUST GLIMPSED THAT FURRY
TAIL! FUNNY, IT LOOKED LIKE A
MAN'S WHISKERS!

BANG!

(PUFF!) THEY'RE CLOSING IN! I'M TOO
WORE OUT TO MOVE ANOTHER
STEP! (WHEEEEEE!!)

BUUUU!

[EXHAUSTED,
GABBY
STUMBLIES
BLINDLY
INTO THE
HIDE-OUT
OF OUTLAW
NEAT FISTON—

GASP!
I'M A GONE!











WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBLE BUBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

FLEER, INC., PHILADELPHIA, PA., U.S.A.

NOW ACHIEVED FOR
THE FIRST TIME!

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GIVING A MOST COMFORTABLE, SAFE-FLOATING RIDE

The Gazda SPRING HANDLEBARS

PATENTED ALL OVER THE WORLD

The GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle—Motorcycle with its high quality steel spring element, is scientifically designed to eliminate all shocks and vibrations to the rider which even the most expen-



ALL SHOCKS ABSORBED
UNBREAKABLE
FITS ANY BICYCLE
UNRENTABLE

sive Spring Fork cannot do. This magic patented Spring Element is enclosed in a rustproof high polished flexible CHROMI-NUM Bar, giving smoothness to every Bicycle—Motorcycle.

SAFETY • COMFORT • SMARTNESS • FOR ONLY \$4.95 POST PAID
(ASK FOR GAZDA Spring Handlebars for Motorcycle—Motorcycle—give Make & Model)

100% MONEY BACK

Guarantee

If these handlebars do not prove to be the safest and most comfortable you have ridden with, your money will be immediately refunded.

MAIL COUPON

AMERICAN OCTANATOR CORP.
(Bicycle Department)
Providence, R.I.

Please rush me one GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle. I am enclosing Check — Money Order for \$4.95.

Name _____

Address _____

HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this exciting 32-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flexible bellows in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline. Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Cherry" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

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Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

**EARN YOUR
DAISY
...I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW!**

—Red Ryder

RED RYDER
is America's
Most Famous
Little Screen
Cowboy!

Do not order B-B
Guns or money
unless you
DEALER sends
check, 25¢ inc.
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Let Red Ryder and Daisy show you how to earn money to buy a Daisy B-B Gun! Get your copy of Daisy's brand new BOY MONEY-MAKER GUIDE BOOK—just out. Read page after page of money-making tips—how and where to get sparetime jobs—how to keep track of your earnings—how to interest Dad in your plans—Red Ryder comic strip revealing how real cowboys earn their guns, saddles, spurs—many other features! BOY MONEY-MAKER (with DAISY CATALOG) costs only 10¢ plus unused 2¢ stamp but it may help you own a Daisy in a few days! So, if you're willing to work to earn a Daisy—order "MONEY-MAKER" now—it shows you how. Mail coupon!

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RED RIDER COWBOY CARBINE**

Illustrated by STEPHEN DUNNISON

Look, kids, handle like a real western cowboy's saddle gun! Carbine King with leather saddle strings attached. RED RIDER's name, picture, horse branded on Pistol Grip Stock. Ask Dad to buy your Daisy Cowboy Carbine now at your favorite hardware store or department store. Only \$4.95.

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OUTFIT

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AT THE DAISY FACTORY FOR**

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